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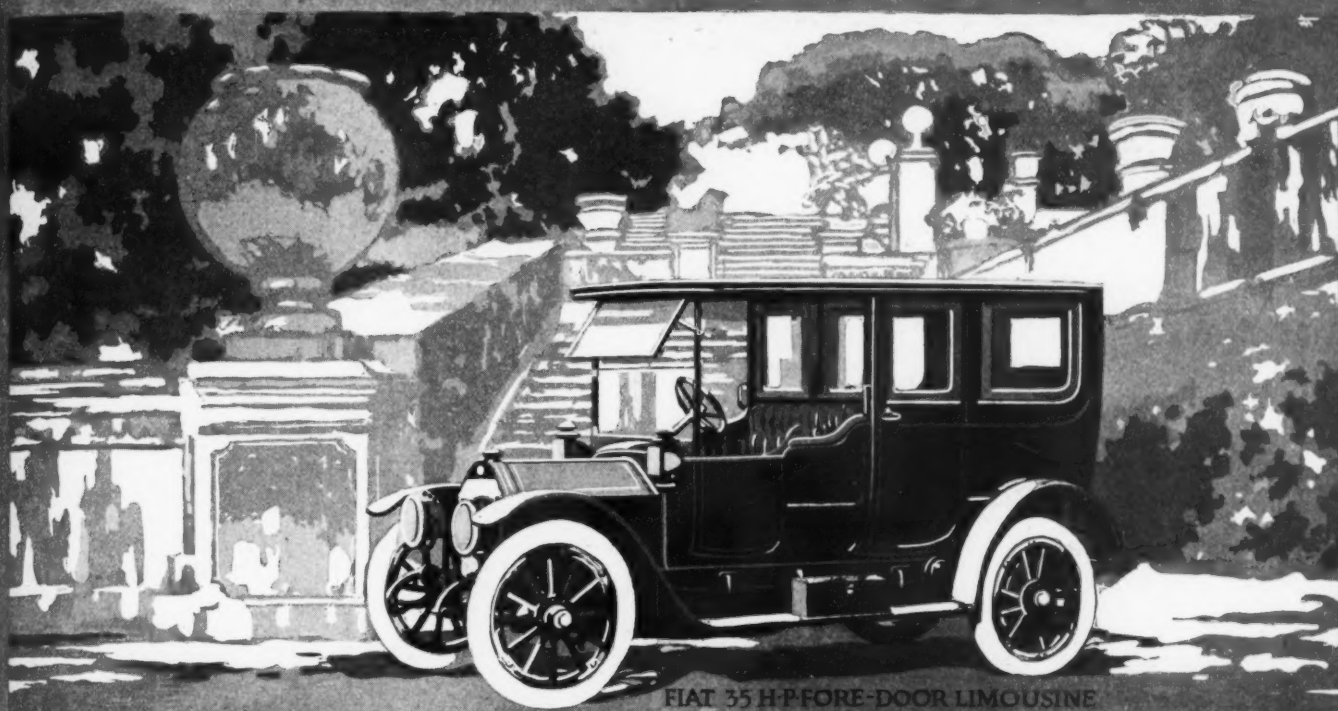
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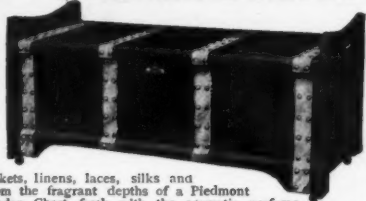
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Phillips Brooks On a Truly American Thanksgiving Day

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1857.

DEAR GEORGE:

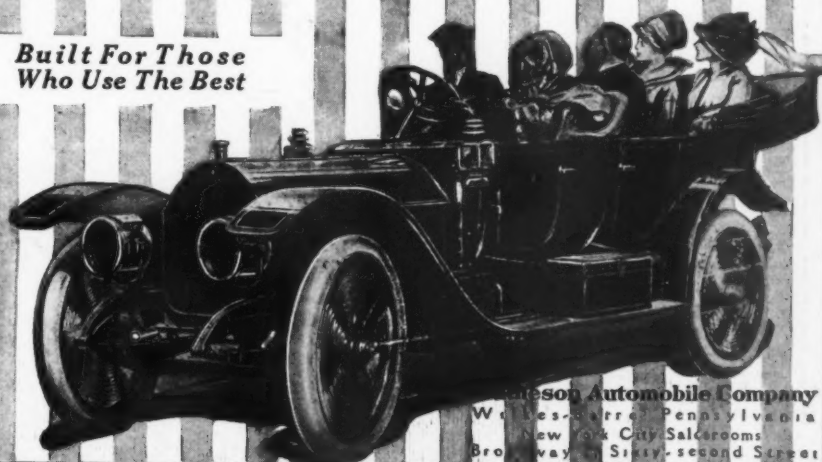
As nearly as I can calculate, you are
at this moment—I have made all due
allowance for difference of longitude
—sitting down to the turkey and
plum pudding. Allow me to take my
slice with you, making my own wel-
come and finding a seat where I can.
What a stunner of a fowl! See John
measuring it solemnly with his eye,
and trying to make out whether he or
it is the biggest. We won't quarrel
about drumsticks. You shall have one
and I the other. What a pity the beast
wasn't a quadruped! To think of hav-
ing dined only yesterday on cold mut-
ton, with rice for dessert, and now—
my eye! do just look at that cranberry
sauce. How quiet Pistols is! No mat-
ter, he is busy, and fast getting beyond
the speaking point. Hullo, my plate's
clear; another piece of turkey, if you
please. Don't look frightened. Thanks-
giving only comes once a year.
Gracious! Do look at Fred. Now do
be a little moderate, my dear. Don't
you see how hard Arthur is trying to
keep up with you? The poor boy will
kill himself. Here comes the pudding!
Father, of course, proposes to have it
saved till to-morrow. He has done it
every Thanksgiving Day I can remem-
ber for the last twenty-five years. But
you don't! We finish it now if we
never eat again. We never have any

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supper, you know, on Thanksgiving
Days, and we shall be all right by
breakfast time. . . . Well, dinner's
over and Pistols is laid upon the sofa,
and John's jacket just covers the small
of his back, and Fred is trying to look
as if he hadn't eaten too much, and
Father is looking for somebody to go
to walk with him. You had better go,
and I will leave much love to all and
take the next train of thought for Vir-
ginia. O reservoir!

Your loving, busy brother,
PHIL.

Ask the man who owns one



The Brougham

LIFE



WINNER IN HER OWN CLASS

At the White House

FOREIGN POTENTATE (*anxiously*): I should like to see the President!

ATTENDANT (*consulting chart*): Sorry, sir, but he's out in Montana to-day.

FOREIGN POTENTATE: Well, the Vice-President, then.

ATTENDANT (*smiling*): We don't keep track of him, sir.

FOREIGN POTENTATE: The Secretary of State might do—

ATTENDANT (*always consulting chart*): He's at the Horse Show in Philadelphia.

FOREIGN POTENTATE: The Secretary of War—

ATTENDANT: Is presiding at the Peace Conference in Denver.

FOREIGN POTENTATE: Any member of the cabinet, then! I must see someone!

ATTENDANT: None of them happens to be in town to-day, sir.

FOREIGN POTENTATE (*ironical*): Is this the National Capital?

ATTENDANT (*stifling a yawn*): Precisely, sir.

FOREIGN POTENTATE (*irate*): Well, look-ye-here—who's running this Government? I am Baron Blank, and I have business of the utmost urgency, involving the interests both of this country and my own!

ATTENDANT (*obsequiously*): Why, bless your heart, your Excellency, why didn't you say so in the first place? The man you want to see is Mr. Morgan in New York. You have just time to catch the 2.05 train from the Union Depot. Meanwhile, to assure your Excellency a prompt audience, I shall call up Mr. Morgan's offices on our private telephone and apprise him of your coming. Have I your word that the matter is of such importance that a subordinate could not—

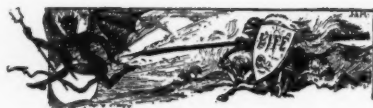
[But the Foreign Potentate is already hastening down the steps toward his taxicab, shouting to the driver, "Union Station, quickly!"]

I. S., Jr.

THE dangerous age—between one and ninety-one.



THE TRYST



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII. NOVEMBER 30, 1911 No. 1518

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



WHAT Colonel Roosevelt said in the *Outlook* of November 18 about his

dealings with the Steel Trust in 1907 in the matter of absorbing the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company has often been said before and by him. He does not concur in Mr. Wickersham's view that he was fooled. No more do we. But so much of his discourse as related to the trusts and the Sherman law, though not at all new, had not been a subject of recent exposition by him, and was timely, and interesting because of its disagreement with the theories and practice of the present administration on that subject. President Taft thinks the Sherman law will work as it is, with the courts to interpret and apply it. Colonel Roosevelt thinks not. He believes that "the effort to administer a law merely by lawsuits and court decisions is bound to end in signal failure." He thinks we should formulate immediately and definitely a policy of Government regulation and control for corporations, that shall not attack the big ones merely because they are big, but shall "amply safeguard the interests of the whole public." He wants a law "clear, unambiguous, certain, so that honest men may not find that unwittingly they have violated it," and he wants the control authorized by such a law to be exercised, "not by the courts, but by an administrative bureau or board such as the Bureau of Corporations or the Interstate Commerce Commission."

That is a definite programme, about the same, we take it, as the one favored by Judge Gary, of the Steel Trust, and Mr. George W. Perkins. It is a rea-

sonable alternative to the policy now being followed by President Taft, and the time is ripe to consider it because of the labors of President Taft to enforce the Sherman law as it stands, through existing machinery. Mr. Taft, as a lawyer, may wonder how better a law can be expected to be administered than by lawsuits and court decisions. And he may believe that the prospect of reaching a clear and adequate understanding of what the trusts may be and do is better through the haggling of counsel and the findings of judges than through new legislation. And he may not be hopeful of the possibility of getting through Congress a law that is "clear, unambiguous, certain," and that will perfectly curb the grasping and the tyrannous and let all the righteous loose. But the Colonel has put into words the most obvious alternative to Mr. Taft's present policy, and given it the advertisement that his name carries, and that seems to be a good office. Other gentlemen who have alternatives in mind should bring them forward. Congress is about to meet and it is the open season for the Sherman law.



MR. PULITZER left an unusually interesting will, crowded throughout with evidences of the activity of his mind. It is stronger on its literary side than wills usually are. The warning to his children on the dangers of wealth and his reflections on journalism and other matters make very good reading. And the public bequests are unusually interesting and some of them novel. His bequest of \$50,000 for a fountain in Central Park and of \$25,000 for a statue of Thomas Jefferson in New York are quite out of common. Even more so the annual prizes, a dozen or more, which he has suggested, though the application of part of a million dollars to these prizes seems to have been left dependent on the perfecting of the claim of Columbia to the second million for the school of journalism. But the prizes are interesting whether they materialize or not, *e. g.*:

Item: a gold medal for the Ameri-

can newspaper that does the most disinterested and meritorious public service during the year—"beats" not to count, we suppose, because they are not disinterested. Weekly papers can doubtless compete for this prize.

Item: \$1,000 for the best history of the services rendered to the public by the American press during the year. Perhaps some one will offer a rival prize for an annual history of *disservices*. The record should be complete.

Item: a prize (\$500) for the best editorial article written during the year. And published, we suppose. Out of consideration for judges and also for editors, suppressed editorials would probably not be suffered to compete.

Item: \$1,000 for the best reporter's story, "strict accuracy, terseness and the accomplishment of some public good" to count. One wonders whether to sell the paper would be rated as a public good.

Item: \$1,000 for the best American novel of *wholesome* American life setting forth the highest standard of American manners and manhood.

Item: \$1,000 for the American play performed in New York most effective "in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners."

Item: \$2,000 annually for the best book of the year on the history of the United States.

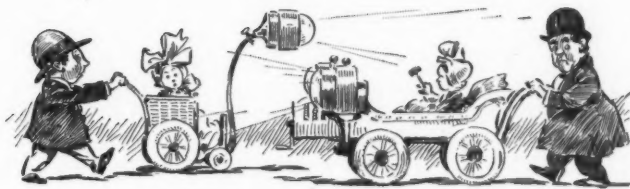
Item: \$1,000 for the best American biography touching patriotic and unselfish services to the people.

This is a very interesting list, interesting most of all for what it shows of Mr. Pulitzer's thoughts and of what human qualities and manifestations he came in his blindness and the fullness of his years to think worth while.



What is the most precious thing to any country? Surely, the lives of its citizens?—*The Wall Street Journal.*

NOT at all. Its ideals are much more precious. Lives are the mere currency of a country's civilization to be spent, but ideals are its capital. China and India have lives innumerable. They could well afford to swap half of them for ideals and ideas that would develop the rest.



HEADLIGHTS NOW FOR MINNESOTA PERAMBULATORS

November

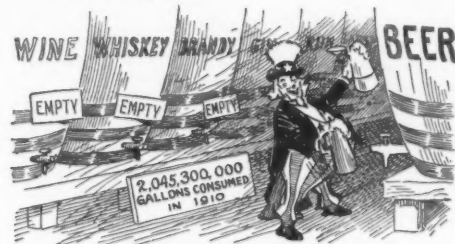


KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY START FOR THE DURBAR

F. T. RICHARDS.



DR. ELIOT'S PEACE TRAVELOGUE.



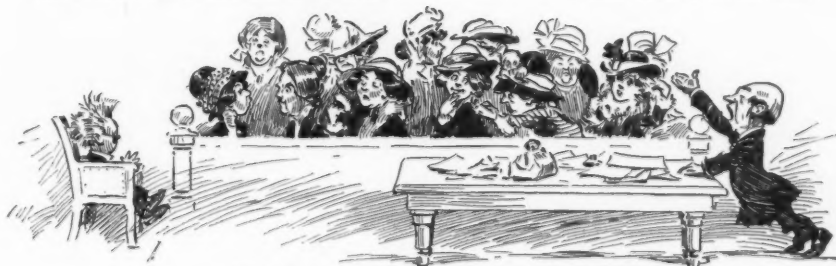
QUITE A DRINKER.



PORTERVILLE JUDGE HOLDS COURT IN HIS BATH TUB.



CHAMP CLARK'S LITTLE JOKE.



JURY OF WOMEN TRY AN EDITOR IN LOS ANGELES.



COOKING BY CORRESPONDENCE

The Bride: HELLO! IS THAT YOU, MOTHER? WELL, I'VE GOT THE ROAST IN THE OVEN AND IT'S BEGINNING TO SIZZLE. WHAT SHALL I DO NEXT?

Sending Magnates to Jail

THE *World* is anxious to have the criminal provision of the Sherman act enforced. It wants to see some "guilty trust magnates" in jail and has been urging President Taft to send them there.

It would be hard to discriminate in prosecutions so that only the bad magnates should be bagged. The lawyers say that if the Government rolled up its sleeves and undertook to get everybody behind the bars that had violated the Sherman act, it would be necessary to draft women to pass the plate in church on Sundays. Moreover, for one big magnate who had been a violator there would be a hundred small ones, who had simply been doing their business as they had been taught to do it and were used to see it done.

When a law illegalizes conduct which has long been considered lawful, slapdash enforcement of its criminal provisions does not do. The thin end of the Sherman act is the best to begin with, and undoubtedly it has been driven into business as it is.

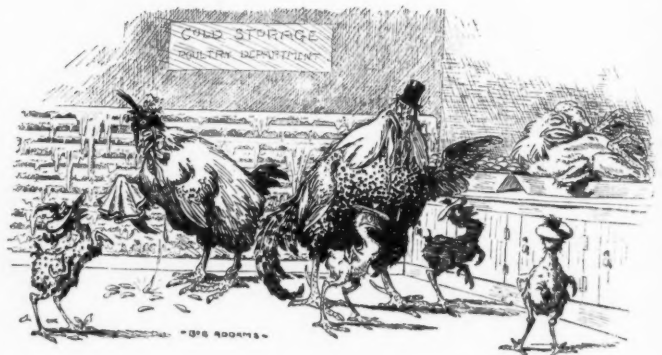
The School Teachers in Politics

A YEAR ago a New York lawyer, deprecating votes for women, argued that in such a city as New York they might be used to promote raids on the city treasury. The policemen's wives, he said, might marshal the votes of their women neighbors in favor of higher pay for policemen, and so it might go.

The argument did not seem strong and probably is not strong, but Miss Grace Strachan's school teachers have managed to infuse an appearance of strength into it. They went to the Legislature and got their pay raised to the extent of \$3,500,000. Election follows, and Miss Strachan, in a public appeal, calls on them to show their gratitude to their benefactors by doing all they can to secure the return to the Legislature of all the Tammany assemblymen who voted for their bill. If they had votes Miss Strachan would doubtless try to see that they cast them, irrespective of all other considerations, for the men who voted the city's money into their pockets. There are several thousands of them; influential women, in touch through their positions with a vast number of families, a power in politics not to be despised as things now are, and a formidable potentiality if women should vote.

It is a very instructive case. Miss Strachan is doubtless an able woman and educated enough to be a high-grade teacher. Yet she failed entirely to see the impropriety of an attempt to incite public servants to pay in political work for public moneys voted to them by other public servants. Where would the taxpayers come out if the teachers and the policemen and the firemen could send up to Albany and say, "Raise our pay, and all of us, men folks and women folks, and all our friends that we can get will vote to keep you in office!" It makes the lawyer's argument seem worth considering. It helps one to understand that there is a basis for Colonel Watterson's assertion that immediate, unrestricted woman suffrage in Kentucky would do more harm than was done forty years ago, when votes were given to negroes.

At the start, at least, the women's votes in New York would doubtless do some strange things. It will be inter-



"THIS, MY CHILDREN, IS THE TOMB OF YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, WHO WAS KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF BROADAXE TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO LAST SPRING."



Husband: MY DEAR, I DON'T WANT TO INTERFERE WITH ANY OF YOUR MEETINGS OR LECTURES OR OTHER DUTIES, BUT—ER—COULD YOU ARRANGE TO—ER—HAVE A RUTTON SEWED ON FOR ME SOME TIME THIS WEEK?

esting to see what it does in California, especially in Los Angeles, where already in the primary it has surprised the town by nominating a Socialist—Job Harriman—for Mayor against the present reform-Mayor Alexander. The municipal election in Los Angeles comes in December.
E. S. M.

The Sphinx Expounded

ANOTHER mystery is solved. Professor Reisner of the Boston Expedition to Egypt has come back, and tells the Boston people that the Sphinx is a portrait of Chephren, the builder of the second pyramid, mounted in the customary way to ward off evil spirits.

We thought the Sphinx was a lady, but no matter. Since Professor Reisner is so good at riddles, why not get him to unravel the Sherman law!

COMPETITION may be dead, as Judge Gary says, but its ghost appears to haunt the days and nights of them who slew it.

Questions

THE Tariff Commission, which was appointed by President Taft to find out about schedule K and other tariff matters, seems to us to be superfluous. What is really needed is a commission to find out about President Taft.

Does he really think that the tariff can be lowered by postponing any action until everybody has given up hope?

Who is he trying to please?

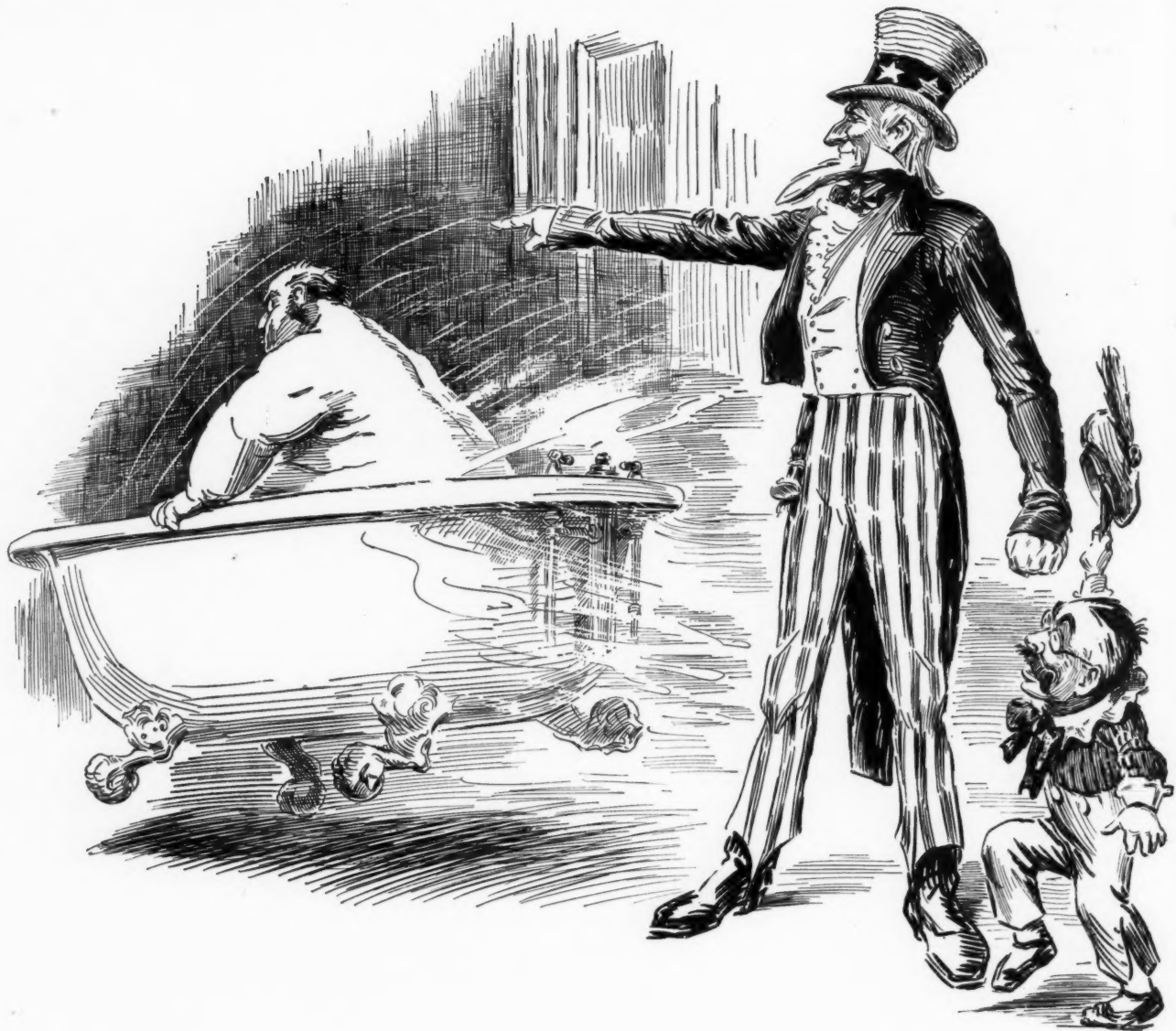
What does he think he thinks?

Incidentally, who does he think he thinks elected him, and for what purpose?

Does he think?

MR. HOWARD: And so two of your sons are Boy Scouts? Where do they do most of their reconnoitering?

MRS. COWARD: In our refrigerator.



EXIT BATHTUB TRUST

Jury Trial

JUDGING from the McNamara trial, the process of selecting a jury to try an important case seems to be about as follows: First, all the intelligent men on the panel get excused on one pretext or another. Then, each remaining taleman is subjected to an exhaustive examination to find out if

he has any opinions or convictions upon either side of any question whatsoever. If it appears that he has, he is promptly excluded. Of course, no one doubts the essentially sacred nature of trial by jury. But, cannot this particular palladium of our liberties be made less cumbersome and expensive? Cannot our lawyers devise some simpler, speedier and cheaper method of get-

ting into the jury box the twelve stupidest men in the county? It must be admitted that the present system accomplishes this result with almost absolute certainty; but it costs too much.

MRS. MALAPROP: "No, I never was strong on literature. To save my life I couldn't tell you who wrote Gray's Elegy."

Life's Presidential Candidates

FOR the Presidency in 1912 we beg leave to present the name of Mr. Nelson W. Aldrich. Mr. Aldrich needs no introduction to public office. He is an expert public official. He knows how to lower the tariff by increasing the duties. He knows how to make people prosperous by encouraging those who traffic upon them.

The campaign, fortunately, comes at a time when the bankers are acknowledging that the currency is unscientific. Mr. Aldrich can fix it. Being an expert, he can find out how much money there is in the public treasury and how much more the bankers would have if we took this money out and gave it to them. He could even figure out how much approximately the bankers could make out of this in a given number of years. We need some one for President who understands the currency in a way that nobody else can understand it. Mr. Aldrich is the man.



THAT POINT OF VIEW

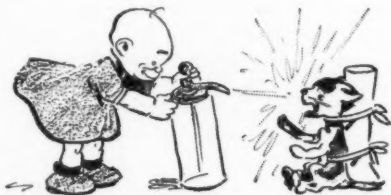
Reporter: HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY IN REGARD TO THE GOVERNMENT'S PROCLAMATION?

Mr. Big Gobbler: YES; YOU CAN SAY FOR ME THAT IT IS A HIGH-HANDED CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE NATIONAL GOBBLEERS' CROP FILLING ASSOCIATION. SPEAKING FOR MYSELF, I DO NOT DENY THAT I HAVE GOBBLED UP WHAT WAS MINE, HAVE ROOSTED HIGH AND HAVE STRUTTED A LITTLE, PERHAPS, BUT THE MOST SEARCHING INVESTIGATION HAS FAILED TO REVEAL THAT I HAVE EVER TAKEN ANY MORE THAN BELONGS TO ONE OF MY STANDING AND CAPACITY. IT'S AN OUTRAGE, IF ONE CANNOT GET RICH AND FAT WITHOUT HIS LIBERTY—EVEN HIS LIFE—BEING PUT IN JEOPARDY. YOU CAN SAY ALSO THAT I AM CONVINCED THAT THE CRANBERRY TRUST AND THE FEATHER DUSTER TRUST ARE BACK OF THE WHOLE NEFARIOUS BUSINESS.

Those Philippines

IT has cost us \$167,486,403 to keep our soldiers in the Philippines since the close of the year 1898. We suppose that someone somehow is getting some good out of this expenditure, for even our Government is not so foolish as to spend money in a far away land like this when so many politicians at home are needy.

But it would take more than an expert bookkeeper to make it show up right on the Government books, to strike a trial balance which would show a profit on the investment. So far as we callow laymen are concerned, it looks like a complete deficit, a total loss, a glowing example of what a foolish Government can do when it wishes to prove its foolishness.



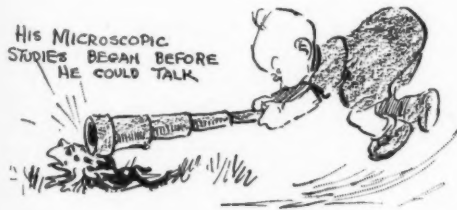
EARLY IN LIFE HE SHOWED MARKED APTITUDE IN ADMINISTERING THE GERMICIDE BATH—



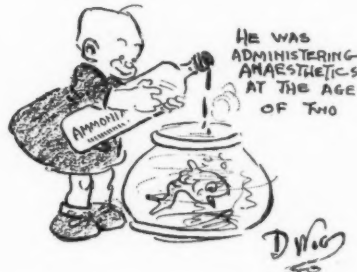
RAPIDLY DEVELOPING A STRONG TALENT IN HANDLING THE PROBE—



HE PREFERRED CAUTERIZING A CANARY TO FEEDING IT.



HIS MICROSCOPIC STUDIES BEGAN BEFORE HE COULD TALK



HE WAS ADMINISTERING AMAESTHETICS AT THE AGE OF TWO



AND HE DISPLAYED NEROIC SKILL IN SURGERY WHILE A MERE CHILD—

EXTRACTS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF A VIVISECTOR

Our McNamara Investigation



THE McNamara case being under investigation, Detective Burns was called to the stand.

"You consider this a very important case, do you not, Mr. Burns?"

"I do. It is epoch-making."

"And you expect to prove a great many things, of course?"

"Oh, yes, a great many things."

"In the first place, you expect to prove that you are a great detective."

"Well, of course, it is hardly necessary to prove that, but—"

"It is just as well to have it as widely known as possible. Then, in addition to that, you expect to prove that organized labor is a bad thing?"

"Hardly that. This is merely a case of—"

"Just a moment, Mr. Burns. You have no personal feeling against the McNamara brothers, have you?"

"Not at all. It is purely professional."

"And, of course, it is not intended to prove that dynamiting is wrong."

"Oh, no. We have no opposition on that point."

"That is to say, if this were merely a case of ordinary dynamiting, there would have been no great furor over



RESISTING AN OFFICER



REJECTED

it. There have been numerous cases of dynamiting in New York, Chicago and other cities which excited but passing notice."

"Yes, I have heard of them, but—"

"They could not be made a part of the war between capital and labor. And so, if this were merely a case of deciding the guilt of these men, the trial would have been over long ago, instead of dragging out until next May, as is prophesied."

"It may be that the newspapers have played up that side of it, but that was not my—"

"Isn't it true that you expect to prove, through the McNamaras, that organized labor is not only ready, but anxious to go to any inhuman lengths to accomplish its purpose and terrorize employers?"

"I must say that organized labor should be carefully watched by competent detectives at all times."

"And you expect to prove that General Otis and the association of employers are gentle and temperate and much-abused; that while they are struggling at all times to help labor when labor follows their advice, the laboring man is ungrateful?"

"Of course, there is an element of all this in the matter."

"In short, while organized labor will go to any lengths, organized capital is generous and kindly and yielding, and may be relied upon to conduct itself in an upright and just manner regardless of consequences. Isn't that true, Mr. Burns?"

"I really think that—"

"And don't you also expect to prove that, even after the McNamaras had been arrested, organized capital made no effort to arouse prejudice against them; that every effort was made to consider these men innocent until they were proved guilty; while, on the other hand, the friends of McNamara were unfair and unreasonable in deliberately setting out to arouse public interest in their favor?"

"Yes. That's the thing I can't stand."

"And now finally, Mr. Burns, do you think you could lay aside your prejudice, no matter what the evidence might show and no matter how much money there might be in it for you?"

"Do I have to answer that?"

"No, Mr. Burns, you don't have to incriminate yourself. You are excused."

Ellis O. Jones.



Hippo: SAY, BUNNY, I'LL TOSS YOU TO SEE WHO PAYS FOR THE LUNCH

Wall Street and the Small Investor

IF you gamble in Wall Street, Wall Street will get your money. That is practically certain.

But, suppose you have money to invest!

That is quite a different matter. Let us give the brokers of the New York Stock Exchange a free advertisement. They are skilled investors, and accountable in some degree for what they do.

The helplessness of people who are not used to money and who happen to have some to invest is incredible. A widow's bonds come due and are paid off. They were bought for her years ago by her husband's executor, since deceased. What is she to do with the money?



"SAY, DOC, LET ME KNOW BEFORE YOU PUT IN THE DYNAMITE"

A village merchant sells out his business for seven or eight thousand dollars. What shall he do with the money? His neighbor knows of a good thing. The money goes into it. The next summer very likely you find him looking for a new start in business, because the neighbor's tip was bad.

As between the things that any honest broker will buy in Wall Street for an investing customer and the things that interested neighbors are liable to recommend to villagers, the Wall Street goods look pretty safe.

Nevertheless, it is well to know your broker, and acquaintance between stock brokers of Wall Street and villagers and widows with small sums of money to invest is not so general, nor so intimate, as could be desired.



DO YOU BELIEVE IN



SIGNS?



Erin Go Bragh and Nabocklish*



THE professional Irish patriots who have been camping on the trail of Lady Gregory's Irish Players ought to familiarize themselves with the value of never troubling trouble "until trouble troubles you." If it was not their business to experience great joy in finding trouble—like *Bartie Fallon* in "Spreading the News,"—they might have found a lot of pleasure in the triple bill presented by this company for its first performance in New York. These plays pictured the Irish peasantry in no new light and certainly the characters carried more conviction of truth and less of ridicule than the green-whiskered Irishman recognized as the real thing by every vaudeville audience in America.

There were a good many sensible Irishmen and Americans of Irish descent in that first audience who unquestionably did enjoy the clever pictures of humble life in Ireland. The plays themselves are skits and have no great dramatic value outside of their atmosphere and character portrayal. The most pretentious of them, in two acts and called a tragedy, under the title of

* For the benefit of ignorant persons who do not understand Irish, these words mean "Hurrah for Ireland and Mind Your Own Business."

"Birthright," by Mr. T. C. Murray, showed family jealousy going on to the climax of one brother's murder by another. Brothers of all races have been guilty of fratricide and it was shown here not as a customary Irish crime. The trouble-makers, however, took it as the cue for a mild demonstration, which the rest of the audience quickly smothered with applause for the really fine acting done by the five artists in the cast.

The two playlets were by Lady Gregory, "The Rising of the Moon," showing an Irish constable letting sympathy for an escaped prisoner overcome both his sense of duty and his desire for a £100 reward, and "Spreading the News," in lighter vein, showing how village gossip spreads and making an English magistrate the butt of the fun. There was not much incentive for the trouble-makers in these, but there was a lot of enjoyment for the spectators who appreciated their drollery and their evident truth to life.

Of course these plays are not for the lovers of jingly music, brilliant costumes and chorus-girls nor for those who recognize no stage art outside of the faithful reproduction of the furniture and trappings of English and other society. Their merit lies in their simplicity and sincerity tinged with Irish humor and the apparent effort of every one concerned to be as nearly true in personation as possible.

It has been said that you can heap no deadlier insult on a certain kind of Irishman than to call him an Irishman. To the right kind of Irishmen assurance can be given that, judging by the performances seen, they have not one-half so much cause for resentment over the work of the Irish Players as the Scotch have at "Buntie Pulls the Strings" and the Scandinavians at almost any of Ibsen's plays.

It is unquestionably a misfortune for the theatre, and for people who go to the theatre, that all its mysteries have been made public property by modern managers and actors who prize advertising above everything else, and by newspapers and newspaper magazines with whom revealing the hidden is the highest duty and pleasure. But the mischief is done now, so it is useless to repine. The latest revelation

is from the pen of Mr. Channing Pollock, who knows the theatre from every point of view as dramatist, theatrical reporter, press agent, reviewer and perhaps as actor, although his name in the last capacity does not thunder down the ages.

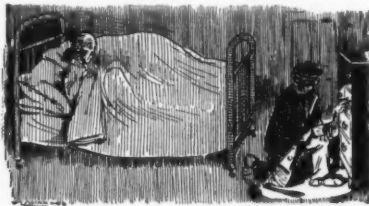
His just published book, "The Footlights—Fore and Aft," is a gossipy and easily readable description of things concerning the theatre as they are today. The fact that the book is largely anecdotal and uses unimportant names freely may militate against its permanent value, but certainly makes it entertaining reading for present day audiences.

The illustrations, clever and illuminative, but badly printed, are from the pen of a young artist who was just beginning to be known. The promising career of Warren W. Rockwell was suddenly cut short by his death just as this book was coming from the press. His work is familiar to the readers of this department of LIFE, his "Scrambled Dramas" having for some time been a feature of these pages.



BEFORE it went on the stage as a play, "The Wife Decides" was a novel. Its author, Mr. William McKean of Philadelphia, thought it was too good to be lost to the theatregoing public, so, being a man of means, dramatized it, leased

Weber's Theatre, employed a company and invited the public to witness the performances at the usual box-office prices. In all of this the gentleman was entirely within his rights as an American citizen. In fact he might have disbursed his money far less creditably, for he has at least added to the cheerfulness of Broadway by keeping open a theatre which otherwise might have been closed and has given employment to a company of actors who, if it had not been for him, it seems very probable indeed



"TAKE MY ADVICE, OLD MAN—
YOU'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF THIS
BEFORE MARIA WAKES UP."

would not have been drawing salaries in a New York theatre.

Of the value of the author's contribution to dramatic literature it may be said, quite without exaggeration, that William Shakespeare's laurels are not in danger and that the most delicate seismograph could not detect a tremor of his pedestal. In fact "A Wife Decides" is quite, quite commonplace and even more so. If it were not for the author's fortunate circumstances it would probably be numbered among that mass of great American plays which grasping commercial managers are constantly keeping from the public. If "The Wife Decides" is still running when this appears, LIFE cannot conscientiously advise its readers to rush madly to Weber's Theatre to see it.

DRAMATIC criticism as practiced at Yale seems to be more forcible than subtle. The young gentlemen who are taking this course should have been instructed that the attitude of the critic must be calm and judicial even if the manager does double the price of admission, cut the show in two and then turn the hose on the audience.

Metcalf.



"HE GOT IT FOR A SONG"



Astor—Mr. Raymond Hitchcock in "The Red Widow." Musical show, with a really truly plot and real fun.
Belasco—"The Return of Peter Grimm." Mr. Warfield and good company in spiritualistic drama.
Broadway—"The Never Homes." Musical show of the Lew Fields type, having fun with affairs as they will be conducted when Suffragettes get the vote.
Casino—"The Kiss Waltz." Musical show, prettily staged and with light Viennese music.
Century—"The Garden of Allah." The desert of Sahara in spectacular form and with Mr. Hichens's novel, the subject of a fairly interesting play.
Cohan's—"The Little Millionaire." Musical show, starring Mr. George M. Cohan and his family. Coarse, but rather amusing.
Comedy—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Extremely funny and well presented comedy of Scotch life.
Criterion—"Passers-By." London low-life types well done in rather interesting, but very English play.
Daly's—Viola Allen in "The Lady of Coventry." Notice later.
Empire—Last week of Mr. John Drew and company in "A Single Man." Pleasing and well done polite English society comedy.
Garrick—Mr. William H. Crane in "The Senator Keeps House," by Martha Morton. Notice later.
Globe—"The Three Romeos." Musical show with some good songs and plenty of fun.
Harris—Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper," an interesting exposition of department store methods.
Herald Square—"The Wife Hunters."

Musical show of the usual Lew Fields kind, but not up to his usual standard.
Hippodrome—"The fine stage pictures of "Around the World," backed up with gorgeous ballet and spectacle.
Hudson—"The Price," with Helen Ware. Drama of the present, with a problem. Fairly interesting and reasonably well acted.
Knickerbocker—"The Siren." Musical show of the Viennese kind, with Mr. Donald Brian's waltz dancing.
Lyceum—Last week of "The Runaway." Diverting French comedy, with Miss Bill Burke enjoying a part exactly suited to her.
Lyric—"Little Boy Blue." Notice later.
Marine Elliott's—"The Irish Players in repertory. See above.
Park—"The Quaker Girl." Extremely pleasant London musical show, with good singing and good cast.
Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." A laughable and at the same time moving play of our own time, well presented.
Republic—"The Woman." Well staged, well acted and interesting play of life in Washington, with corrupt politicians as the principal characters.
Thirty-ninth Street—"The Million." A farce, which keeps every one present in roars of laughter.
Wallack's—"Disraeli," charming play of the days of Victoria, with Mr. Arliss's skillful reproduction of her favorite Prime Minister.
Weber's—"The Wife Decides." See above.
Winter Garden—"Vera Violetta," displaying Gaby Deslys, and "Undine," displaying Annette Kellerman, the lady swimmer. Notice later.

Anybody Can Join

The Fashion Reform League is for the Women of America and Every Want is Filled—Have You Been to the Opera Yet? If Not, Come in and Get a Complete Outfit—Some Wants

AN impression has gone abroad that this League caters only to the ultra-fashionable. Nothing could be further from the truth. The League has been founded on a scientific idea. We believed from the start that American women were fully capable of originating their own styles; we were firmly convinced that, with the resources at our disposal, we could produce effects here in America that would make the Parisians sit up and shiver; that we were right in this, a short walk on Fifth avenue any fine day will amply prove. American fashions now lead the world.

We were the first to introduce the barefoot movement.

We were the first to insist upon ladies carrying something in their hands—from a natural doll to a stuffed alligator; for only in this way can the idea of ease and refinement be conveyed.

We were the first to show that constant change in woman's attire is absolutely necessary in order to keep the men enchained.

Our suffrage costumes have given a chic appearance to the whole woman-suffrage movement. To be appreciated, they must be seen.

But to say that we are exclusive is wrong. We want everybody to come in. If you cannot buy your clothes from us you can have them made in your own home or you can make them yourself—secretly. No matter what your circumstances may be, we can meet your needs.

We naturally separate our wealthy patrons from those in reduced circumstances. We are now putting up a special building

for the *élite*, with large plate glass windows, where they can be seen during certain hours of the day trying on their frocks. A small admission will be charged, and this will go to charity.

This department is entirely separate from the *nouveau riche* department, which is carefully screened from the public.

Anybody can join the League, no matter how remote they may be from the metropolis. We have patrons as far west as the Hawaiian Islands, and our Philippine branch is a great success.

But we do not cater to other nations. For example, England has been beseeching us to do something for them, but we consider the English woman hopeless. She lacks *verve*.

Do you wish to know a member of this League when you see her? All women who have that indefinable bored



LADIES INCLINED TO PLUMPNESS SHOULD AVOID MUCH DRAPERY TO GET THE SUBTLE EFFECT OF "LINE" AS SHOWN ABOVE.



"OUTLINE ELIMINATION"

IF, AS WE HOPE, THIS STYLE BECOMES GENERAL, THE WOMAN OF SNAKY BUILD WILL NO LONGER HAVE AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OVER HER CHUNKY SISTER.

look, who are thin and have the shad walk, are League ladies.

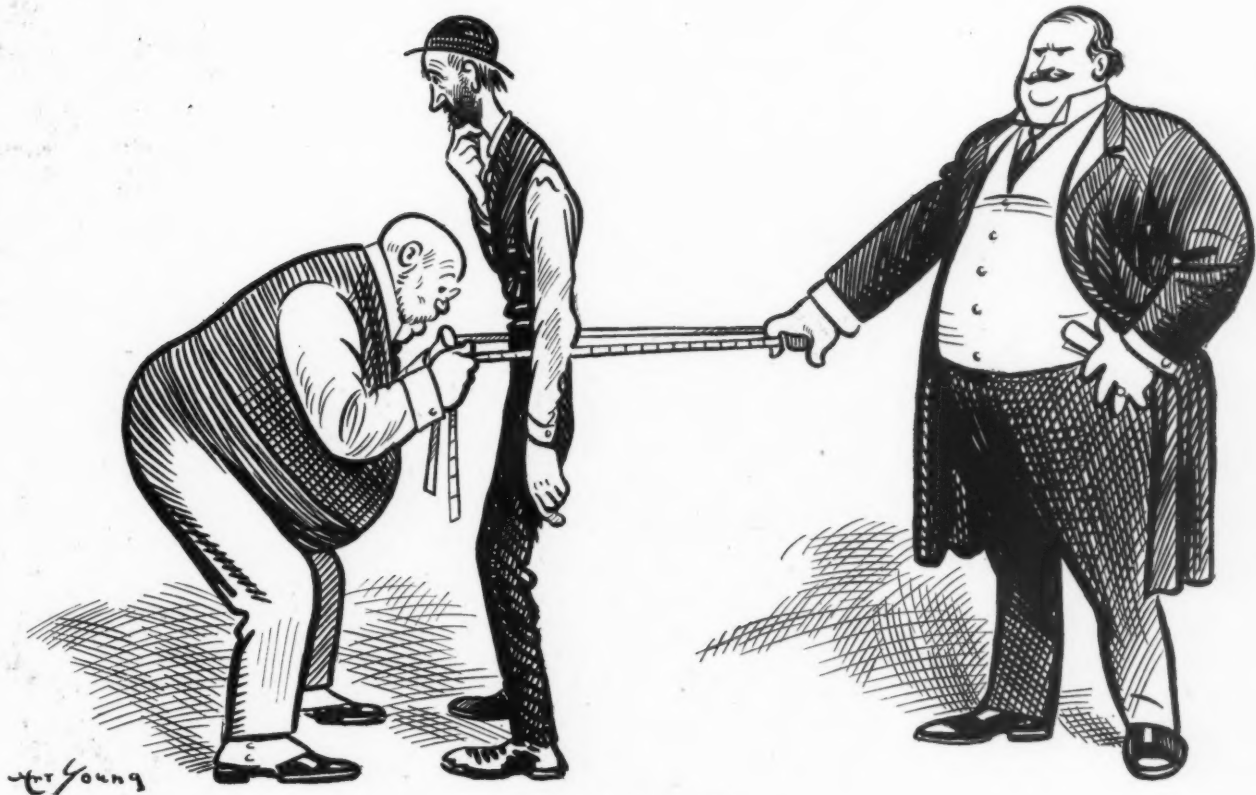
Opera costumes are now necessary. Step in and order yours early. We can supply opera costumes at all prices, from about two thousand dollars—for those in moderate circumstances—to say ten or twelve. We have made a special study of opera costumes and can guarantee results.

The idea of an opera costume is quite simple. As you alight from your car you must be covered up with furs, so that only the faint gleam of your eye can be detected and the possible tip of your nose; but when the head janitor, the manager and the superintendent of the opera assist you as you enter your box in removing your outer habili-

CAPITALIST

LABORER

CAPITALIST LEGISLATOR



TAKING HIS MEASURE

Capitalist: POOR! WHY, MAN, YOU ARE GETTING FAT.

Capitalist Legislator: SURE YOU ARE; WHY, I'VE JUST WRITTEN A SPEECH TO PROVE IT.

ments, you must then convey the impression that you really have not much of anything; it is all in the law of contrast.

In ordering your opera costume, it is better for you to call personally; only a close personal inspection will produce the right results. In the case of large ladies who have hitherto failed to take advantage of our banting parlors, and yet want their opera costumes in a hurry, we frequently employ sign painters who prepare them for sitting in the boxes. We dress your hair, adding more when necessary from our hair warehouse, which is joined to our dressing rooms, and we remove any defects in your system without extra charge. In several years' experience

we have never had an unsatisfactory back go out of our establishment.

We cheerfully answer any inquiries from out of town. Here is a letter just received:

DEAR LEAGUE:

I am a young lady of eighteen, living in a small Western village, and I am very anxious to adopt the style of those girls whom I have seen pictures of in the metropolis. How can I acquire a lackadaisical air and learn how to be blasé? And how can I look like a fish when I walk? Give me full particulars.

SOPHIA W—

This can only be done by taking a short course with us; we have a month's course that has done wonders. We have seen buxom, healthy and absolutely impossible bucolic looking

creatures come out at the end of four weeks with an anæmic style and an indifferent manner, that you could build a fire under and have no effect upon.

OUR EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

(For the Use of Patrons Only.)

I will exchange my Nile green silk kimona, having worn it only six months, for a canton flannel covered suit of chamois skin, as I leave for Florida next week. Address WINNIE, this office.

My new union suit does not fit me. Will exchange with any lady five feet four, weighing 247½ pounds. Call MADAM KIRTIER, tenth floor (no elevator), Muscalet Building.

For Sale.—A splendid pair of white evening gloves, six feet long, and in good condition, having holes only in one finger; price reasonable, as I am going to Europe. SUNSET, this office.

Life's Fashion Reform League.



The Last Chan



The Last Chance

Robert Hichens

And the Unfruitfulness of "The Fruitful Vine"



SOMETHING seems to have gone wrong with Mr. Robert Hichens. Two years ago at this time one seldom entered a subway train, or boarded a surface car, or took one's seat in a Pullman, or walked along the piazza of a Flagler hotel, without seeing one or more women deeply engrossed in "Bella Donna," each with a card case, or a Boston Symphony programme, or a handkerchief, held over the title with a careful display of carelessness. Which was a sure sign (cynics and misogynists to the contrary notwithstanding) that they believed the author was telling them something about human nature that deeply concerned them but that they were not conventionally supposed to take an interest in. This fall one not only sees very few people reading "The Fruitful Vine," but even those few show no slightest sign of being ashamed of their occupation.

Again, two years ago, one seldom glanced at the literary advertisements without seeing quoted the question of a young lady reviewer in Louisiana, "Why isn't Robert Hichens the greatest living English novelist?" And while one never quite knew whether this was a challenge or a C Q D, one felt that in either case it adequately voiced one of the current convictions or one of the current quandaries of the feminine mind. Thus far "The Fruitful Vine" has brought forth no wireless queries of confidence or calls for help. Something seems, at least temporarily, to have gone wrong with Mr. Hichens.

"But," his publishers publicly announce (the italics are theirs), "this time the most important thing is *the story*, which is based on the very fundamentals of manhood and womanhood—the longing for children by a devoted couple." Let us see if this statement, so fully warranted by the facts and so comprehensive of them, may not throw some light on the situation.

There are, broadly speaking, two kinds of fiction which, for lack of better terms, we may call the procreative and the inventive. The first always has its beginning in a mysterious act of intellectual conception, from which there develops in the writer's brain the embryo of an imaginary personality, that matures in time into a living child of the author's imagination and demands to be brought verbally to birth. And when the creator has matured his imagined character, he has to find him a situation. The second invariably derives from a writer's discovery or invention of an exploitable situation—from the finding, as the phrase goes, of "a great idea for a novel." And when the inventor has perfected the mechanism of his invention, he has to find characters to fit it.

Now Mr. Hichens is manifestly an inventive novelist, since each of his books is unmistakably built up round an abstract idea of human relationship. But he belongs to a peculiar sub-species of the genus. For it is not enough to say of him that he feels life to be interesting only in so far as it is exotic, and to derive its significance largely from its surroundings; one must add that he is at heart a Puritan, convinced that all passion is unclean, yet somehow persuaded that it may be purified by, say, the presence of the Pyramids. And it follows quite naturally that when he is dealing with such themes as those

treated in "The Garden of Allah," in "Bella Donna" and in "The Call of the Blood"—themes based on facts familiar by hearsay but foreign to the experience of most of his audience—he should gain not only a willing but a serious hearing from a public long trained to look upon life with suspicion and just beginning to take a shame-faced interest in its hidden meanings. He both satisfies their curiosity and comforts their consciences.

"The Fruitful Vine" (Stokes) is also based upon an abstract thesis; namely, that when women are childless it is not always their fault; that men seldom recognize the fact; and that it would be a good thing if it could be brought home to them. And the book contains the story of such a woman and such a man and such a bringing home. But instead of the facts underlying this thesis being familiar by hearsay but foreign to the experience of Mr. Hichens's audience, it is just the other way about. So that neither is their curiosity satisfied by the objective presentation of a dramatic situation, nor are their consciences comforted by the fortuitous background of the Roman Campagna. Mr. Hichens is no longer explaining unfamiliar mysteries to them; he is undertaking to explain them to themselves. And instinctively they demand of him a living woman, reacting to a constructed situation, not a situation illustrated by a constructed woman. It seems possible that what has gone wrong with Mr. Hichens is that he has blundered down so far toward the "fundamentals of manhood and womanhood" that his attentive feminine audience has felt the superficiality of his interest in life, the irrelevancy of his logic about it, and the essential impurity of his Puritanism.

J. B. Kerfoot.

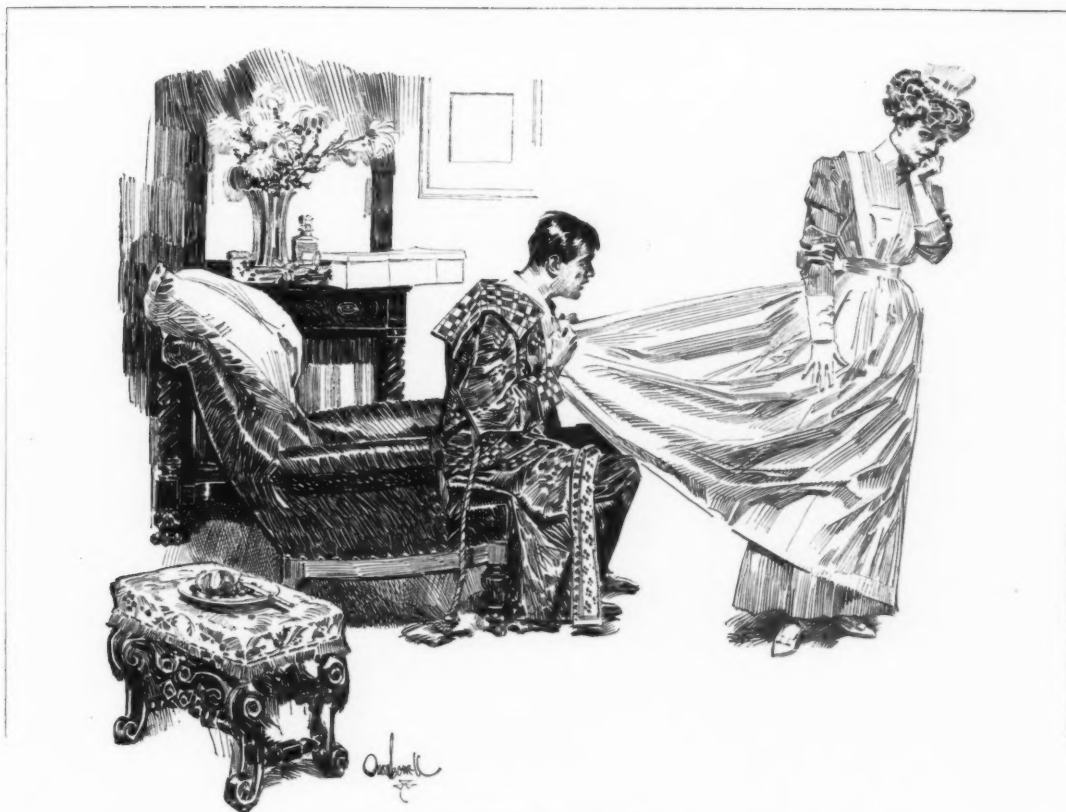
Confidential Book Guide

Creative Evolution, by Henri Bergson. An unusually translucent pool of philosophy in which it is all the fashion to go swimming. Come along in; the water's fine. But wear a life preserver, for it's deeper than it looks.

The Dangerous Age, by Karin Michaelis. Complete but distorted data for a medical diagnosis presented by a morbid



"OH, MOTHER, WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT WICKED BOY WAS DOIN'? HE WAS SINGIN' A HYMN AN' THIS IS ONLY SATURDAY."



TO CONVALESCENTS

DON'T FAIL TO PROPOSE TO THE TRAINED NURSE. IT IS ONE OF THE THINGS SHE IS TRAINED TO. YOU OWE IT TO HER, AND SHE EXPECTS IT

woman in the forties, who thinks she is "laying bare the feminine soul."

The Fruitful Vine, by Robert Hichens. See preceding page.

Hilda Lessways, by Arnold Bennett. A novel in which the attractive but enigmatic heroine of "Clayhanger" is X-rayed by Mr. Bennett, thus ceasing to be an enigma, but preserving her attractiveness.

The Iron Woman, by Margaret Deland. An excellent story of contemporary American life recommended for general reading irrespective of age, sex, or previous condition of artistic servitude.

Jean-Christophe in Paris, by Romain Roland. The fifth, sixth and seventh books of this modern French epic. The literary, musical and bourgeois life of Paris stripped, tied to the cart tail and flogged.

Kennedy Square, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Misfortune with the edge off and romance with the bloom on. A happy memory tale of fifty years ago.

The Life Everlasting, by Marie Corelli. An emotional mix-up between transmigrated souls that have been carrying on a progressive love affair through successive incarnations.

Love's Coming of Age, by Edward Carpenter. The first American edition of a fifteen-year-old English book containing a remarkable series of papers on the relations of the sexes.

My Life, by Richard Wagner. A realistic record of activities and impressions, meannesses and makeshifts.

Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar Systems, by T. J. J. See. The mathematical basis and scientific arguments supporting a new theory of the origin of nebulae and their development into stars.

The Truth About an Author, by Arnold Bennett. An impish and entertaining piece of autobiographical frankness in which all the conventional hypocrisies of silence are outraged for our benefit.

Ethan Frome, by Edith Wharton. The story of a tragic face and what lay back of it.



THE BOUNDS OF MODESTY

The Weepers

SCENE: Madison Square at midnight.

Occasion: The weekly meeting of the Lachrymose Club.

(As the curtain rises various shadowy spirits are discovered wandering dejectedly about the park. At intervals, and one by one, they stop, stretch their arms toward heaven and emit wails of harrowing grief. As the clock in the Metropolitan Tower strikes twelve the mist clears and the spirits are more easily distinguished.)

SPIRIT OF THE NEW YORK TIMES (coming down center): Oh, my! oh, my! It is a sad, sad world.

SPIRIT OF THE OUTLOOK: 'Tis true, oh, Comrade Spirit. It keeps me weeping regularly every week. A most nerve racking occupation.

TIMES: Every week, forsooth! I have to weep every day and I am sorely put to it.

OUTLOOK: Alas! yes. I weep for you, neighbor. Isn't it pitiable the way workingmen act after all we have done for them and said to them?

TIMES: Most pitiable. Ah, woe is me and them and everybody.

OUTLOOK: If the workingmen would only leave it to me and be contented I would soon have them out of their difficulties. But they are so impatient. They insist on striking. And—pardon this tear—they resort to violence. If there is anything I abhor it is violence, except, perhaps, in a Contributing Editor. (Enter the Spirit of the New York "Sun.") But, look, who's here? Perhaps he can cheer us up.

SUN: Good morning, friends. It is a sad, sad world.

OUTLOOK: How, now! We did not expect you to join the chorus. We thought you were the apostle of smiles and jests.

SUN: Alas, you do not understand. I want to apply for membership in the Lachrymose Club.

TIMES: What! The master merry maker! Oh, this is more than I can bear. (Buries head in hands and sobs convulsively.)

SUN: The times are out of joint. I try to smile, but I do it to hide my tears. Nobody laughs at my badinage any more. And nobody takes my advice. Mine is the mournfullest role of all. Wearing the cap and bells amid so much gall and wormwood is undermining my safe and sound constitution. My smiles, good friends—and this, of course, is not for publication—are but grimaces in disguise.

TIMES: But you seem unusually depressed this evening. Have you been reading one of my editorial explanations of how the high cost of living helps the poor?

SUN: Something still worse, alas, than that. A public man to-day spoke slightly of Mr. Morgan. It broke me all up. I cannot understand why men can be so cruel to this great and good financier. (They all wipe away tears with the corners of their shrouds. Enter the spirits of "Collier's Weekly" and "Harper's Weekly.")

SUN: Hail, fellow weepers!

OUTLOOK: Pardon, dear Sun. You are a new member and, of course, you did not know. We do not greet each other that way. We do not say, "Hail." We always say "Rain, fellow weepers."

SUN: Thank you. I will remember. But, as I was whining, next to the disrespect shown to our magnates, it is the Democrats that try my temper. I have been trying to teach them to distinguish themselves from the Republicans without being different. But they persist in being unconscionably foolish in spite of my hottest lachrymation. It is enough to make one think there is no such thing as gratitude.

HARPER'S WEEKLY: Gratitude! That's the dear old whimpering word. Think of all I've done for Governor Wilson, and then to have him speak slightly of the money power! It almost broke my heart. (Keeps back the tears with a heroic effort and heaves a prodigious sigh.)

TIMES: Same here. It is almost a little bit too extremely agonizing. (Wrings out handkerchief on the lawn.)

COLLIER'S: I was just thinking of Governor Wilson myself. I expected so much of him. Here at last, I thought, was a man who could be radical without touching upon anything important and who could reform without injuring anyone's graft.

TIMES: You have hit the point squarely, dear Niobe. If he would but be the dignified academician and ex-college president and refrain from doing, saying or being anything that matters, I believe we could weep him into the Presidency.

ALL: So say we all of us.

OUTLOOK (flapping the sleeve of his shroud violently upon the back of the bench): Is there any regular business to come before this meeting?

TIMES: Yes. I move that the following be accepted as the motto of this club: "On with the wail! Let grief be unconfined!"

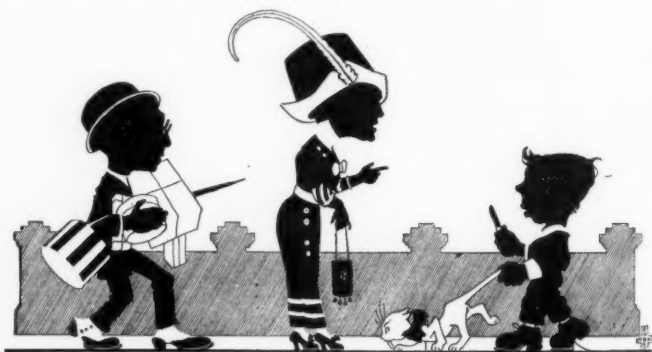
SEVERAL VOICES: Second the motion.

OUTLOOK: All those in favor signify by the customary sigh.

(They all sigh enthusiastically.)

OUTLOOK: The motto is adopted. If there is no other business the club will adjourn.

(CURTAIN.)



"DO YOU KNOW WHERE LITTLE BOYS GO WHO ARE CRUEL TO INNOCENT ANIMALS?"

"YES'M."

"WELL, WHERE?"

"DE SAME PLACE DAT SWELL LADIES DO WHAT MAKES DEIR HUSBANDS CARRY ALL DE SHOPPIN'."



BY RULE OF THUMB



We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

Well, Well! Hear This!

Relating to a little picture in LIFE which signified being buried alive in Philadelphia.

DEAR LIFE:

"Buried Alive"—perhaps so—but they "cleaned up" your much vaunted "Giants," including your invincible "Matty." Also one of the natives lifted some of your coin in a recent picture title contest.

If they can trim you every now and then and still remain asleep, Heaven help you when they wake up.

Yours with a smile,
"A TEXAS LEAGUER."

BEAUMONT, TEXAS,
October 27, 1911.

Both!

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—To decide an argument between two friends, kindly state in your valuable paper whether the following is a pun or an agonizing attempt at humor:

QUERY: Why does the profession of a sailorman resemble that of the operatic singer?

ANSWER: Because they both have to hit the High C for a living.

If the above is published in your paper (no remuneration desired), it will settle the question, and if not, kindly drop a note to the undersigned, who will gladly pay the postage and thank you for your trouble.

Yours truly,
A. L. CHAMBERS.

CRISTOBAL, October 23, 1911.

A Boston Echo

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR.—In your admirable review of the universe, which appeared on the nineteenth instant, Mr. J. J. Buzzell remarks, on page 665, that Boston made her debut at a tea party years ago, and ever since "has been standing pat."

Boston is not only standing Pat; she is embracing him and promising to love, cherish and obey him. There is no city

in the country which can stand more Pat, unless it is New York.

Sincerely,

JOHN LUM.

BOSTON, October 17, 1911.

Some Positive Statements

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—I have been a reader of LIFE for many years and have enjoyed your many thrusts at the medical profession. When you began your crusade against vivisection, however, I noted with much regret that your attitude was one of extreme bias, and you have shown an unwillingness to become acquainted with the other side of the story. Many physicians have written you, most of them advancing sound arguments in favor of their position and putting it up to you to prove the truth of your assertions. Instead of replying to their arguments in like scientific spirit, you have scoffed at them, not answering the questions so fairly and courteously put to you and have dismissed the matter in a few irrelevant words. If someone, not qualified to criticize journalism, should ridicule the efforts of your best workers on daily papers and magazines, you would at once say that he ought to make himself acquainted with the facts before criticizing. So I advise you to visit the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and meet Dr. Simon Flexner. See if you think he is "The Boy Who Never Grew Up." Rather will you say that he represents the finest type of American manhood, a man who is deeply interested in saving and conserving human life. He has furnished us with weapons for controlling diseases and preventing their occurrence, all impossible without animal experimentation. You deny the efficacy of vivisection and say that it has accomplished nothing in checking the ravages of disease. It is no longer a question of any man's opinion. It is a fact, demonstrated beyond all doubt and capable of proof to any unprejudiced mind. You might as well deny the truth of the law of gravitation. If some animals are sacrificed and undergo slight suffering (and this is practically nil) it is only that precious hu-

man lives may be saved. We kill animals for food that we may live, why should we not sacrifice animals that we may prevent death by disease?

The enclosed cartoon from a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association gives the real crux of the situation. If your wife or child were afflicted with some disease which could be cured by the use of some serum or antitoxin made possible by animal experimentation, would you deny them the relief thus afforded by this remedy, because a few rabbits or guinea pigs had been sacrificed in its manufacture?

And, finally, why deny to these earnest, hard-working, underpaid laboratory investigators the same zeal for truth and desire to help their fellow man which you would accord to any high-minded clergyman, educator, journalist or statesman? I am,

Very truly yours,

ROLAND HAMMOND, M.D.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,

November 8, 1911.

Credit Where Credit is Due

EDITORS OF LIFE:

May I take the liberty of suggesting a slight correction in this week's issue of your witty and independent paper? You have attributed the "Revised Decalogue" to Anonymous. He did not write it, but Arthur Henry Clough did, and I believe you can find it in any collection of his poems.

Hoping that you will pardon my suggestion on the ground of my interest in LIFE, I am,

Yours very truly,

AGNES MILLER.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1911.



NAUTICAL—"GOING INTO DRY DOG."

Glidden Tour Figures

1 The first winning car to finish in the Glidden Tour from New York to Jacksonville was a Maxwell. It left New York first—was first all the way—and finished unpenalized in the same position.

2 The second winning car to finish was also a Maxwell. Like the one ahead of it, it maintained its position throughout the entire journey of eleven days and arrived in Jacksonville with a clean score.

3 The third winning car was likewise a Maxwell. With the first two it comprised the now famous Maxwell team which won the Glidden Trophy—the only team in the contest that arrived at each noon and night control on time, day after day, and finished at Jacksonville with a perfect score.

4 The fourth winning car—and the only other prize winner—was a Maxwell entered by Gov. Hoke Smith, of Georgia, in the individual car contest. Finishing with a clean score—free from penalty—it won the Anderson Trophy, giving the Maxwells a clean sweep, as there were no other prizes to win.

64 cars competed in the Glidden Tour. A wide variety of automobiles—all good, but none of the others came quite up to the form displayed by the winning Maxwells.

6000 dollars is the cost of one of the cars in the Glidden Tour.

7 others cost over \$4000; twelve other cars cost over \$3000; five other cars cost over \$2000; twenty other cars cost over \$1500. *Maxwells cost from \$600 to \$1280.*

55 miles an hour is racing speed. The Glidden Maxwells were stock cars, not racing cars, yet when the occasion demanded easily made 55 miles an hour.

1454 miles were traveled—1454 miles of mud and sand hub-deep at times, through swollen streams, into the downpour of cloudbursts, over mountain and level—conditions calling for utmost endurance. The Maxwells maintained 100% efficiency at all times.

47000 owners of Maxwell cars were not surprised by the result. They knew Maxwell reliability through years of service.

91 per cent. of the Maxwells registered in New York State in 1905 were again registered this year—seven years of continuous service. A record unequaled by any car, at any price, anywhere.

Sum it all up

—the Glidden Tour was more of a demonstration than a contest—a demonstration of Maxwell reliability. Send for "The Story of the Glidden Tour" and other interesting and money-saving literature. Just say "Mail Books."

Maxwell

1912 Models include the Maxwell Special Touring Car, \$1280
Mercury Roadster, \$1150 Mascotte Touring Car, \$980
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Division of UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY

Free Monthly Inspection Service of all our cars for twelve months





Secret Out at Last

"Why do you have those glass cases with the axe, hammer, crowbar and so forth on these cars?" asked a traveler.

"Oh, those are put there in case any one wants a window open," replied the facetious man.—*Red Hen.*

Fickle Popularity

"Your constituents are saying all manner of harsh things about you just now."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "Such is the fickleness of the public. One might think I was a pitcher who had just lost a game for the home team."—*Washington Star.*

Modern Housekeeping

"Is your wife a good cook?"

"Oh, fair! She's well up on food values, but she isn't so good at a chemical analysis."—*Blue Bull.*



THE (PRE)HISTORICAL ROMANCE

Scotch Humor

If any of my readers are still in doubt as to the exact connotation of the adjective "pawky," or question its entire applicability to the humor of Scotland, I think the following little tale will clear the matter up. At a funeral in Glasgow a stranger had taken his seat in one of the mourning carriages, clad in decent black. His presence excited the curiosity of the other three occupants, one of whom presently could stand it no longer, and thus addressed him:

"Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?"

"No!" replied the gloomy stranger;

"I'm no a brither o' the corp!"

"Weel, then," pursued the curious mourner; "ye'll be his cousin?"

"No, I'm no that!" was the still tantalizing reply.

"No?" went on the insatiate querent; "then ye'll be a freend o' the corp?"

"No that either!" admitted the stranger. "To tell the truth, I've no been that weel mysel', and as my doctor has ordered me some carriage exercise, I thoct this wad be the cheapest way to tak' it!"

—*Charles Johnston in Harper's Weekly.*

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



All to the Point

Kathleen Mavourneen, the horn of the hunter,

The amateur hunter, is heard on the hill.

You'd better be doing a get-away stunt or

Your person with buckshot he's likely to fill;

For amateur hunters have somehow a habit

Of shooting too soon and, dear Kathleen, they may

Mistake you, alas! for a quail or a rabbit

And leave you a mass of inanimate clay.

Kathleen Mavourneen, you'd think we were joking

If we should relate half the tales that are told

Of Nimrods half-baked that go aimlessly poking

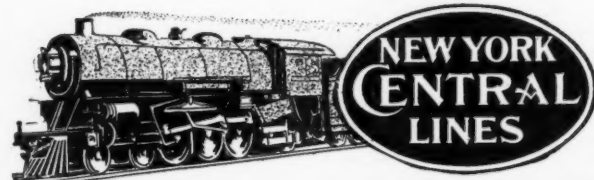
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About through the forests and over
the wold.

A farmer bobs up and they think he's
a pheasant,

Bang, bang! He is shot through the
lung or the jaw.

Now if you'd avoid such a prospect un-
pleasant,

Dear Kathleen, you'd better stay home
with your Ma.

Kathleen Mavourneen, O pray, take this
warning

And don't take a chance while the
hunter is loose.

He keeps up his reckless performance
from morning

Till night; so to venture abroad is no
use.

Don't try it, fair maid, or you're bound
to be swatted.

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He'll think you're a turkey, a snipe,
or a swan;
And unless you desire to be foully pot-
shotted,
O Kathleen, stay home till the hun-
ters are gone.

—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A Hot Sign

Very little escapes the eagle eye of
the mischievous freshman. Down in
the shipping district there was a sign
on a restaurant window which ran very
neatly and properly: "Shell Fish Our
Specialty." The other morning the
crowd landing from the ferry in passing
this window noticed that three of the
enamel letters had been pried off. The
result was rather startling, for the sign
now read: "Hell Is Our Specialty."

—Boston Transcript.

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FOOT BALL NOTE

WORKING AGAINST A STRONG SCRUB

The Very Worst of All

That was a great mass meeting at Carnegie Hall the other day. It was made clear that we are not thirsting for a Medical Trust. Former Congressman Robert Baker said, among other things:

"Other trusts are content to get the business that already exists, to supply demand for the particular article it seeks to control, but this trust, garbed with the cloak of philanthropy, robed with the mask of pretense, demands, not merely that it shall do all the business that already exists, but that the State shall create business for it and clothe it with the power to force an unwilling citizenship to do business with it, whether they wish or not.

"No bolder and more audacious demands for monopolistic privileges were ever put forward than those of the A. M. A. for pelf and power. No other combination in restraint of trade has dared to ask that it be made a very arm of the Government. They alone among the State's citizenship are to be law-exempt from competition. They are to be assured a living income regardless of the worth or even of the need of their services."

And Dr. Cruther struck a nail on the head in saying:

"Any principle in medicine that is sufficiently true to justify its being made compulsory would be so manifestly true that you would not have to make it compulsory."

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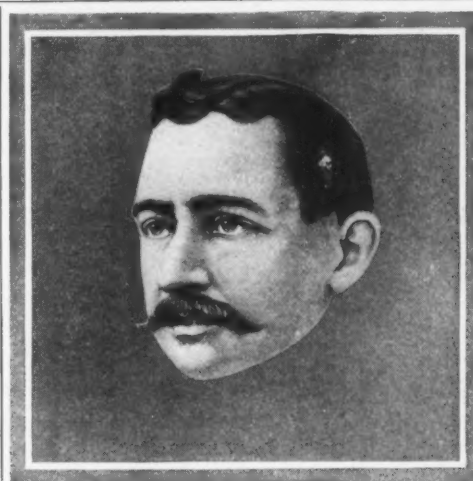
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A Personal Talk

Some things that you can do, and some that you cannot, for your skin

We are all of us apt to think that our skins have always been just what they are today and that we cannot change them. Then we get a sudden impulse and go to the other extreme and think we can change them over night, from sallow to fresh; from rough to smooth, with one washing.

Your skin did not get into its present condition in a day and it cannot be changed in a day.

If there are any conditions of your skin which you want to improve, the way to do it is to make out a practical program: (nose pores, sallow skin, nails, hands, scalp, etc.) Treat one thing at a time consistently and systematically. Then watch the results!

The wrapper around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap tells how to use the soap for every different purpose. The wonderful cleansing and tonic effect that Woodbury's gives your skin the first time you use it, is a promise of what its steady use will do; you will see why, for a third of a century, it has been the skin soap.

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Too Grateful

After O'Connell had obtained the acquittal of a horse-stealer, the thief, in the ecstasy of his gratitude, cried out, "Och, counsellor, I've no way here to thank your honor; but I wish't I saw you knocked down in me own parish—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue?"

In a storm, pray to the Lord and keep on rowing as hard as you can.

—From the Russian.



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Tact, once a bright star in the diadem of virtues, has sunk into disrepute and oblivion. It is incompatible with modernity. Our blunt celerity and unswervable momentum permit no refinement of method, no Chesterfieldian frills.

Formerly when a man wished to keep his seat in a crowded car, he tactfully held his newspaper before him or fixed his steadfast gaze upon an imaginary dog fight two blocks back. Now he just sits, upon his face the brazen, unapologetic spirit of the twentieth century.

Formerly when a man wished to take a bribe, he tactfully went through a heartrending struggle. He took out his conscience, looked it over in a kindly way, fondled it, talked to it softly and finally convinced it that a bribe was the best thing for it. In actually receiving the bribe he tactfully made it plain to the bribe-giver that he considered it not a bribe, but a legal and moral emolument for patriotic services rendered. Nowadays whatever conscience he may have left is packed in moth balls in an up-

stairs closet and he proceeds on the doctrine that the only thing wrong about a bribe is getting caught.

And so in all walks of life. Tact cannot live on the same block with loaded subways, stock margins, subsidies, automobiles and tariffs.

MRS. BACK-BAY: I shall want you to be dressed by three o'clock, Ellen, to receive any friends that may call.

ELLEN: Oh, lor, mum! Ain't you goin' to be in?—*Boston Transcript.*

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BROOK TROUT



BLACK BASS

These Two Fish Pictures Free

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RECREATION tells the man who hunts, canoes, camps, goes fishing, or engages in any recreation which takes him into the open, just how, when, and where he can get the most out of his favorite sport.

RECREATION writers are people who have something worth while to say—else they could not write for **RECREATION**. Sometimes they have big names, but we buy the *articles*, not the names.

RECREATION'S Editor is on a four-thousand mile trip, editing the magazine en route, camping, fishing, hunting, and talking to sportsmen everywhere. This is one of the ways **RECREATION** gets its actual knowledge and practical information for sportsmen.

The following extract from a letter received from a subscriber rounds out a description of **RECREATION** tersely:

"I want to compliment you on your superb illustrations, and especially on the excellent material used, and also on the all-round recreation atmosphere and absence from fadism."

OUR "JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED" OFFER

RECREATION is \$3.00 a year or 25 cents a number. To introduce it to men who do not know the magazine, we will send it for one year for ONLY \$2.00, and, also send free the two beautiful pictures; one of BROOK TROUT and one of BLACK BASS, reproduced in their natural colors from paintings made especially for us by H. A. DRISCOLE, famous as a painter of game fish. These pictures are worthy of framing for your den. Price of pictures above 60 cents. You can buy December **RECREATION** at the news stand (or send us 25 cents if you prefer), and then ACCEPT our offer or send us \$2.00 as above on our usual guarantee of money back if not satisfied. Give your order to your home newsdealer if you prefer.

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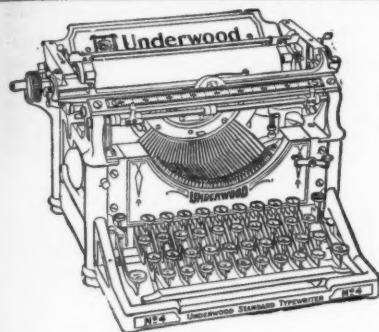
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Letters to the Literati

To Rudyard Kipling

Rudyard, dear Rudyard, we're terribly
grieved with you,

Quite disappointed and utterly peeved
with you.

Why, if you happened to hate Reciprocity,

Need you assail us with bitter verbosity,
Taunt and opprobrium, jeer and indignity—

Us, who were conscious of only benignity?

Think of the chill in the innermost
groove of us

When we reflect that you do not approve of us!—

How we must agonize, "What's the excuse for us?"

Rudyard implies that he hasn't much
use for us!"

Rudyard, dear Rudyard, oh where is
your gratitude?

When you were ill in our pestilent latitude

Didn't we worry our curly-locks gray
for you?

Didn't we hope for you, didn't we pray
for you?

Haven't we stood for your callow cocksure-ness?

Haven't we borne with your latter-day boorishness?

Haven't we paid you an adequate royalty?

Haven't we read with inflexible loyalty
Even your poorest and weakest nonsensities?

Yes,—and our dark, homicidal propensities

That you so recently published a skit about,

Maybe we learned them from heroes
you've writ about!

Rudyard, the tumult and shouting befuddle you;

Don't let delusions imperial muddle you.

Twist not the tails of us, scorn not the breed of us;

England, your England is like to have need of us;

Wave not the flag that the sun can't descend upon,

Ours is the friendship she'll have to depend upon.

Don't be unneighborly; come back and joke with us;

Laugh at our faults while you sit down and smoke with us.

Healed of this Tory-cum-Jingo insanity,
Rise up and sing of the Braver Humanity!

Arthur Guiterman.



"A Safe Leave!"

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The Mystic Confounded

The Brahman, Hargovind, maintained with pride,

That no distinction was to be decried
Between a stone, a child, the sky, a pall;
For all things formed but One, and each was All.

Shrewd Déva pointed to an ass, and asked,

"Discern you what this object is?" He masked

His aim, but none the inference could miss:

"Since you are one with all, you must be this!"

—Poetry of the Orient by W. R. Alger.

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About a Pair of "Pants"

A Detroit man, who had contributed a bundle of his cast-off clothing for the relief of the victims of the Minnesota fire, received from one of the sufferers the following note: "The committy man giv me amungst other things wat he called a pare of pants, and 'twould make me pant some to ware em. I found your name and where you live on one of the pokits. My wife laffed so when I shode em to her that I thot she wood

have a conipshun fit. She wants to no if there lives and brethes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was he orter be taken up for vagrancy for havin' no visible means of support. I coldent get em on my oldest boy, so I used em for gun cases. If you hav another pare to spare, my wife would like to get em to hang up by the side of the fireplace to keep the tongs in."

—Spofford's Library of Wit and Humor.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

- MCMXII -

The New Serial, **THE TURNSTILE**

by **A. E. W. MASON**, author of "The Four Feathers," "The Broken Road," etc., began in the October number.

ROBERT GRANT'S CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

The changed social, political, and living conditions are dwelt upon, the question of the accumulation and uses of great fortunes, the increased cost of living, divorce, woman suffrage—almost everything of vital and familiar interest.

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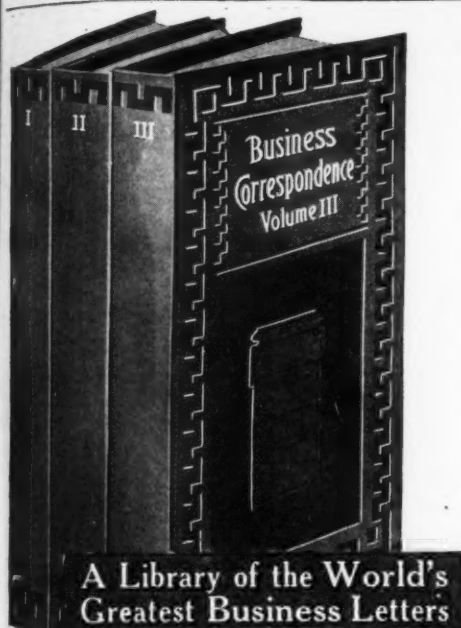
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Arthur in Search of a Wife

For some time after his experience in marrying a New England girl, Arthur, the young magnate, was silent and dejected. Gradually, however, he recovered his normal tone and one day he surprised his father and mother by saying:

"I believe I'll try it again."

"It's the only way," said his father, decisively. "Keep right on, my boy. Remember that hope springs eternal."

"Do you wish my advice, Arthur, dear?" said his mother, gently.

Arthur shook his head decidedly.

"No, thanks," he replied. "Please don't think me ungrateful, but this time I'm going to back my own judgment. I'm going in for a New York girl."

Arthur's father and mother both sighed. They realized, however, that he must live and learn for himself, and knowing full well how headstrong he was, they wisely determined to let him follow his own bent.

After his second marriage they saw very little of him, but occasionally his father met him at a directors' meeting.

"Well, Arthur," he said one day, "what are you doing to keep yourself busy?"

"Building houses," said Arthur briefly. "My wife, you know, is a trifle restless and she likes to build new establishments. She is now planning a place in every State in the Union, not to mention a chateau in France and a castle in Scotland."

"That's very pleasant."

"Glad you think so."

Arthur's father went home and reported what he had heard.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said his mother, "if Arthur wouldn't be so anxious next time to follow his own judgment."

It was not long after this before they heard the old, familiar step on the diamond studded stairway. Arthur was home once more—looking very pale and haggard.

"Well," said his father, "is it all over?"

"All over but the alimony," replied Arthur. "That will be five millions this time. Eh, mother dear?"

His mother smiled indulgently.

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"Very well," she replied. "I'll keep my word. But, Arthur, dear, what was the trouble?"

Arthur sank back wearily in his chair.

"All kinds," he said briefly. "It was a continuous round of high balls, vulgarity, high flying, high functions and hysterics. When I wasn't building new places to be restless in, I was sitting up nights giving monkey dinners and chasing from Palm Beach to Newport in private cars, and from Sandy Hook to Madagascar in yachts."

Wan as he looked, Arthur's mother could not resist giving him a sly dig.

"I could have told you all that before," she said, "if you had asked me. That's what you get for having a New York girl for a wife."

"She wasn't a wife," said Arthur, sadly. "She was a flying machine in skirts."

C. T.

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"Moral" Realists

William Dean Howells is a stout opponent of those novelists who, under the pretext of reforming their readers, write books about vice.

"Such writers," said Mr. Howells, at a luncheon at Kittery Point, Me., "remind me of a lad whose mother said to him:

"Why, Johnny, I do believe you're teaching that parrot to swear!"

"No, I'm not, mother," the boy replied; "I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."—*New York Tribune.*

Modern Methods?

Molière had written many plays to ridicule doctors and medicine. Louis XIV. heard that the author had, however, a doctor at his services since he became famous and well-to-do, so the King one day called upon Molière and said to him:

"I have heard, Molière, that you have a physician. What is he doing to you?"

"Sire," answered the author of the "Malade Imaginaire," "we chat together, he writes prescriptions for me, I don't take them and I am cured!"



Mater Consolatrix

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—National Corporation Reporter.

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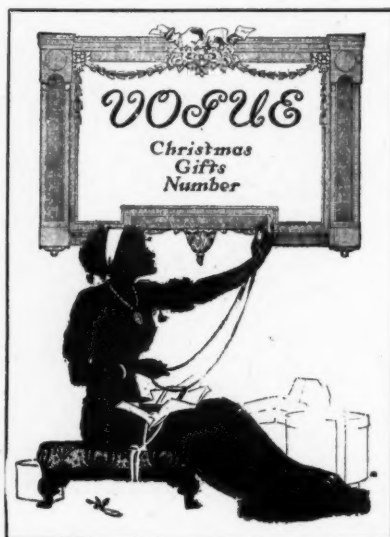
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The Den of the Sixteenth Section, by Mrs. M. E. Clements. (Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.50.)

As a Soldier Would, by Apusa. (Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.50.)

The Diary of a Utah Girl, by Mrs. W. J. McLaughlin. (Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.00.)

The Story of the Aeroplane, by Claude Grahame-White. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.00 net.)

The Land We Live In, by Overton W. Price. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.50 net.)

Eliza and Etheldreda in Mexico, by Patty Guthrie. (Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.25.)

The Carpet from Bagdad, by Harold Macgrath. Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.25 net.)

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